The Gayrusans' Legacy

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS 1800
Class
Book

by

S. S. G. ENTERTAINMENT CO.
Authors of "Union Depot for a Day."

A Three-Act Drama Setting Forth the Sayings and Doings of the Gayrusan Family and Their Friends, and Employing About Twenty-four People

Any person or persons giving this play or any part thereof, or allowing any person or persons to give it or any part of it, without the permission of the authors, will be liable to prosecution.

Canton, Illinois
1910

Copyright, 1910, by Helen Gaylord, Luzetta R. Sanders, Cora A. Sanders.

Copyright, 1910, by HELEN GAYLORD, LUZETTA R. SANDERS and CORA A. SANDERS.

This Manuscript is for Rent, and not for Sale, and can be obtained only from the Authors, whose address is below.

S. S. G. ENTERTAINMENT COMPANY - - 302 N. AVE. B., CANTON, ILLINOIS

PS635 Z9 S76g5

The Gayrusans' Legacy

A Drama of Three Scenes and Three Acts, Employing 24 people.

Act 1—Scene—Kitchen in city's poorer districts.
Act 2—Scene—The "parly" on the "Avynoo."
Act 3—Scene—Same as in Act 1.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Bijy Gayrusan.

Elmiry, his wife.

Their Children
Rosy
Almy
Esmareldy,
Joshey,
Ruby Pearl,
Camely.

Lute Hawkins, Rosy's lover.

Neighbors
Mrs. Spudd,
Mrs. Collins,
Mrs. Bump,
Aunt Sally,

Friends of Rosy
Hattie Todd,
Alice Smith,

Delivery Boy.

Sam Green,

Mrs. Sam Green

Child.

Miss Philena Stacy.

Miss Gertrude Osborne, who befriends the Gayrusans.

Mr. Ralph Somers, Miss Osborne's lover.

Charlie Sparker, Rosy's would-be lover.

Dave Walters, Lute Hawkins' friend.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

Be very careful in the choice of the one who takes the part of Mrs. Gayrusan, Hers is the important part, and the success of the play depends largely upon her.

With regard to Mrs. Collins, English people who leave off and put on the "h," after being in this country for a time, are likely to leave off, or put on the "h" in the same conversation. One time they will say " 'ouse," and again "house." This will make it easier for the one taking this part to get the dialect.

The costumes need be nothing out of the ordinary—just what people in that walk of life would wear. They can be every day wash dresses, but neat, for the Gayrusans are neat, if they are poor.

The black dresses in the second act, may be of any material. If nothing is obtainable for younger children, they can be made of black calico.

Miss Gertrude, may be very nicely dressed—the prettier, the better—of course suited to her position.

"Camely" should represent a child four or five years old. As one that small can not take the part, choose a girl six or seven, small of her age, and have her impersonate the younger child.

TMP96-006812

©CLD 21759

IMPORTANT TO AMATEURS.

Actors always keep well to the front. Avoid having back to audience. When there is applause, or confusion of any kind, actors should wait till noise subsides. Too often dialogue is lost, by disregarding this.

When admitting any one, before greeting, always turn as far as possible toward audience, and have those entering, get slowly to the front, or in positions given in directions given for each act.

Have actors always speak slowly and distinctly.

ACT 1.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

Bench at right front, on which is wash tub, with wringer, and board, basket near.

Cupboard, right back, on which stands clock.

Two or three old wooden chairs, in convenient places.

Old fashioned table, left center.

Small mirror, on wall, left back.

Old rag doll, and some spools, or old play things, for Camely.

Street door at back, if possible.

Exit to right when going to shed.

Exit to left, when going to another room.

ACT 1.

Curtain rises, showing Mrs. Gayrusan at washtub (right front, little back of C). Rosy at table (left of center) washing Joshy's ears, neck and face. Esmareldy, before small mirror (left back) combing hair. Ruby Pearl on floor (left front, trying to lace shoes, by wetting fingers, etc.) Camely playing with old rag doll (right front).

Josh.—Ou-c-h! Le' me go. Don't kill a feller.

Rosy—I shan't let y' go, till I git y'r ears clean. There's enough dirt in 'em, to plant a tater patch.

Josh.—(grabbing for rag) Take y'r old rag away. I hain't no girl.

Rosy—Stand' still, I tell y.'

Mrs. Gay.—Can't you young'ns stop y'r fursin'? Joshey, you ain't no call to git so mad. Y' can't go to school pizen dirty. But Rosy, I wisht y'd hurry to the shed, an' git them clo's in th' rench water. They'll be bilin' over in a minit. (Joshey jerks away from Rosy, and goes to roller towel, left back, by mirror, using it vigorously. (Exit Rosy to right, where shed is.)

Josh.—Th' kids'll be callin' me sissy now, 'cause my hands is so white. (Holding out hands which are anything but white) Say Maw, y' goin' to cook the chicken today, Miss Gertrude giv' us?

Mrs. Gay.—No, I can't git no time to clean it. But I 'low to do it tomorry.

Josh.—Hurray! I git th' drum stick this time.

Ruby Pearl—You had it last time.

Josh.—Didn't nuther, had th' neck an' back. Guess I know what I hed.

Esma.—I get a thigh this time.

Ruby Pearl—It's y'r turn to hev the wings.

Josh.—I'm goin' to hev the hort (heart) too. 'Cos the hort don't count.

Cam.—I kin hev a drum leg to suck, can't I, Maw?

Mrs. Gay.—Sure, y' kin, Camely, Mommy won't forgit her baby. (Exit Esmareldy to left.)

Josh.—Where's my cap? (looking every place)

Mrs. Gay.—Jist whar y' throwed it, I reckon. (Joshey finds cap, grabs coat from back of chair, and clatters out street door.)

Ruby Pearl—(whining) I wisht I hed a shoestring, with a tin on it. I'll be late to school if I can't git this shoe strung. It's got two knots in it now.

Mrs. Gay.—I 'lowed to git shoestrings last week, but hed to take the nickle f'r that vi'let soap. (Enter Esmareldy from left.) Esmareldy, do come here an' let me see if I can't fix y'r hair bow. It's gittin' powerful stringy. I wisht I could git a new one.

Ruby Pearl—Esmareldy Gayrusan, where d'y git that ribbon? It's my turn to wear it today, an' you knowed it. You hed it on yesterday.

Esma.—I don't care if I did. You wore it two days last week.

Ruby Pearl—I didn't no such thing, wear it two days last week, did I, Maw?

Mrs. Gay.—Y' needn't ast me, I disremember. I ain't got no mind, no more.

Ruby Pearl—(almost crying) I don't care, I won't go to school, if I can't have that ribbon.

Esma—(taking off ribbon and throwing it at Ruby Pearl) Take y'r old ribbon, crybaby. I'll go ast Rosy f'r a hairpin. (Exit Esmareldy to right, shed).

Mrs. Gay.—Ruby Pearl, now you've got the ribbon, go fetch me the reddin' comb an' let me red up y'r hair a bit.

Ruby Pearl—You'll pull, I know y' will.

Mrs. Gay.—No, I won't pull nuther. Hurry up, I can't stan' here foolin.' (Ruby Pearl gets comb, and mother smooths hair.)

Esma.—(putting head in door) Hurry up, Ruby Pearl, 'r we'll hev to stay in tonight. (Ruby Pearl grabs up hat and rushes out street door.) (Enter Alma from left.)

Alma—Maw, can't I wear my white waist Miss Gertrude giv me?

Mrs. Gay.—No, you jist can't, 'r y' won't hev a decent dud f'r Sunday. You kin wear th' blue one ag'in today.

Alma.—But Maw, that blue one's so faded and dirty.

Mrs. Gay.—I 'lowed to git y'r pink one done up, but hain't hed no time. I smoothed off the blue waist las' night when I was doin' the Grayson's ironin' an' rubbed some flour onto it, whar th' most dirt was, an' you'd hardly knowed it was dirty. (Exit Esmareldy to left)

(During this conversation Rosy enters from shed. A loud "Whoa" is heard, then a cheerful whistle.)

Esma.—(calls back) Here's Lute, Rosy.

Josh.—(sticking head in door, and fairly yells) Rosy, Lute's comin.' Lute's a comin' Rosy.

Rosy.—(crossing to left, gets very busy. Tries to look unconcerned) Joshey, be still!

Mrs. Gay.—(as Lute enters street door with groceries) How air y' Lute? Did y' bring all th' things? Th' beans, th' pruens, the dime's worth o' lard, th' bluin,' an' th' bakin' powder?

Lute—Yep, all here Mrs. Gay. (Puts groceries on table) (While Mrs. Gay. and Lute talk, Rosy and Lute cast furtive glances at each other.)

Mrs. Gay.—(wiping hands on apron, goes to table and examines groceries.) What kind of bakin' powder's this? It ain't the X. Y. Z.

Lute.—No, that's Black Hawk, an' it's a dandy! It's the kind our cookin' woman is interducin,' an' all the women air goin' crazy over it.

Mrs. Gay.—Well, I don't go crazy over no bakin' powder. Y' kin jist take it back. The X. Y. Z's good enough f'r me. I'm savin' th' coopons, an' mean to git one o' them red an' white glass dishes, with the gilt band 'round the top. I tell y' they're rich lookin'!

Lute—Well, back she goes then.

Mrs. Gay.—You tell Horner that last coffee he sent me, hain't no good. When I b'iled over the grounds, they hedn't no more color'n so much water. When I pay twelve an' a ha'f cents f'r coffee, I 'low to *git* coffee.

Lute—All right, Mrs. Gay. I'll tell the boss. (turning to Rosy) Where was you goin' las' night, when I seen y'?

Rosy—When d'y' see me?

Lute—Oh, about seven o'clock.

Rosy—Why me an' Jen jist run over to Stones'es to tell 'em her mother could work f'r 'em tomorrow.

Lute—Say Rosy, don't y' want to go to th' movin' picters tonight? They've got some dandies.

Rosy—I'd like to go awful well, Lute, but I ain't got nothin' to wear. My dress's in the wash.

Lute—What's the matter with what y' got on?

Rosy—O-h Lute!

Mrs. Gay.—You kin go Rosy. Y' kin wear my green skirt. It'll be full big, like enuff, but you kin lap it over, an' it'll look real good, all but that faded wedth, I forgot to turn when I done it over. But land! You kin keep y'r coat on, an' that'll purty nigh hide it. You kin wear it with Almy's white waist, an' I reckon she'll let y' hev her new beads, as you giv'her some o' y'r toobrose perfume, when she went to her class meetin.'

Lute—That'll jest be the ticket! But I must be hikin.' What time'll y' be ready Rosy?

Rosy—About eight o'clock, I s'pose.

Mrs. Gay.—(as Lute starts off) Here Lute, y're goin' off without that bakin' powder.

Lute—That's right. I plum' forgot it. (Exit Lute from street door with baking powder.)

Mrs. Gay—(as she goes back to her washing) Lute ain't much f'r looks, but he's an awful clever feller.

(Exit Rosy to right. (shed)

(Knock is heard at street door. Mrs. Gay. wipes hands on apron, and opens door.)

Mrs. Gay.—Why how air y' Mis' Spudd? Come right in an' take a cheer.

(She wipes off chair with apron, and places it front center. Mrs. Gayrusan stands during this conversation. Camelia comes to her mother, holding on to her dress, and peeps around at Mrs. Spudd.)

Mrs. Spudd—(dropping wearily into chair, with a sigh) I'm clean beat out. Tildy's baby was took awful bad in the night, with fits, an' he come nigh dyin.' He jist lays there now, 'thout movin,' an' he won't be no whiter when he's dead.

Mrs. Gay.—Y' don't say! Pore little feller! Did y' put him right in hot water?

Mrs. Spudd—Yes, me an' Tildy done all we knowed to do. We've no idee what brung 'em on. He ain't et a thing that could hurt him. The most he et yisterday was belogny, an' b'iled cabbage. The doctor thinks it's his teeth, an' I reckon it must be.

Cam.—Maw, gimme a drink o' water.

Mrs. Gay.—(paying no heed to Camelia) If that ain't jist too bad! It comes on Tildy turr'ble rough, follerin' right arter Jake's long spell.

Mrs. Spudd—It do seem that Tildy hes most more trouble than she kin bear. But I must hurry back. I jist run over to see if we kin borry your cake o' vi'let bokay soap, that y' bought o' the agint. Tildy 'lowed to git some next pay day, but with th' baby so sick an' all, she'd like to hev some in th' house, if any thing happens.

Cam—Maw, I want a drink.

Mrs. Gay.—'Course Tildy kin hev th' soap, an' welcome. (Goes to cupboard (right back) gets soap, and another package, which she hands to Mrs. S—) Here's th' soap, an' here's a drawin' o' tea f'r you and Tildy. It'll hearten y' up wonderful.

Mrs. Spudd—It's dretful good o' y' Mis' Gayrusan. I ain't seen no tea f'r a month.

Cam.—(very loudly) Maw, I want a drink o' water.

Mrs. Gay.—Go ast Rosy, she'll git y' a drink. (Exit Cam. to right (shed) (to Mrs. S—) Bigy hed a windfall this week. He got to do some unloadin' f'r Thomas, an' got some extry pay, so he bought a bit o' tea.

Mrs. Spudd—How nice! But I must be goin,' 'cause Tildy'll be nigh scairt to death, if the baby's took ag'in. Good bye Mrs. Gayrusan, come over when y' kin.

Mrs. Gay.—Yes, I will. You come back. (Exit Mrs. Spudd street door)

Rosy—(who enters from shed followed by Camely, who goes to left front, as Mrs. S— goes) Is th' colored clo's ready, Maw?

Mrs. Gay.—The white one's dried a'ready?

Rosy—Yes, an' off th' line.

Mrs. Gay.—Then you turn in an' help me a bit. I've ben put back. Sary Spudd's ben here, an' she says Tildy's baby's turr'ble bad with fits.

Rosy—How awful! Say, Maw, I wisht I hed a scarf to wear tonight. One o' them silk ones like——— (Door opens and enter Hattie Todd, and Alice Smith from street door.)

Hat.—(in great excitement) Rosy Gayrusan, who d'you think we seen at the ferry? (Girls while talking get well to front. Hattie may lean on table.)

Alice—You couldn't guess, if you'd try all day. An' I'm dyin' to tell.

Rosy—Then tell me quick! Who was it? You know I never could guess nothin.'

Alice—Sam Green———

Hat.—(interrupting) An' Julie Brown! They're gone acrosst the river to git married.

Rosy—F'r th' love o' John eHnry! So Julie Brown's got Green at last!

Mrs. Gay.—What'll Emmy Nelson do? He's ben sparkin' her right smart, haint he?

Alice—Yes, he's ben settin' up with both of 'em.

Hat.—There was a time, I 'lowed Emmy'd git him, but when I seen him and Julie out ridin' las' Sunday, I made up my mind Julie was comin' out head.

Mrs. Gay.—Out ridin'! Where'd Sam git any thing to ride in?

Hat.—His boss lent him his rig. Leastwise, that's what Sam's mother told Mis' Pitkin, an' Mis' Pitkin told Mis' Burson, an' she told Maw.

Alice—They both looked awful swell. Julie won't never look no sweeter. She hed on a long white veil that come clean to the bottom of her dress. An' Sam was spruced up mighty fine.

Rosy—Jule allers said she's have a veil when she got married, if she never hed nothin' else in all her life.

Mrs. Gay.—But what'd she want of a veil? She'll never git no good of it, f'r she can't never make it over into nothin.'

Hat.—But it looked awful sweet, Mis' Gay.

Mrs. Gay.—H'm! She might as well throwed her money into the fire. But why didn't she git married to home?

Alice—They hed to put th' bed an' cook stove out o' th' house, when Roxy was

married, an' Julie said she wasn't goin' to hev no sich fuss.

Hat.—What d'you think? Comin' home we seen the hull O'Grady tribe goin' over to Newton to her folks. They's goin' to be a circus there.

Mrs. Gay.—Whar'd *they* git money to go to a show?

Alice—They've sold their heatin' stove, 'cause they'll not need it no more this summer. They was all piled into the peddlin' wagon, an the old, white mule was pullin' some, I tell y.'

Cam.—(Who had come back after getting drink, and was playing on floor with doll looking up calls) Na——n—o—s, na—n—o—s.

Mrs. Gay.—Now ain't that cute? She knows O'Grady an' his old white mule. (Knock is heard. Rosy goes to door and admits Mrs. Collins)

Rosy—Why Mis' Collins, come right in.

Mrs. Col.—Good marnin.' 'Ow are you hall this marnin'?

Mrs. Gay.—Oh, 'bout 's usu'l. But set down. (draws up chair to right center)

Mrs. Col.—An' 'ere be Attie an' Halice. Where 'ave you been, all so dressed up this marnin'? (When Mrs. C— enters, girls go more to left center.)

Hat.—My cousin left this mornin,' an' we went to th' ferry to see 'im off.

Rosy—An' what'd you think Mis' Collins, Sam Green and Julie Brown hev gone acrosst the river to git married.

Mrs. Col.—Well, well! I ham glad hof it. Julie's a 'olesome, 'earty girl. 'Er was a buyin' a pair of boots the hother day, an' I took notice, as 'ow they was very tidy boots.

Mrs. Gay.—How is John today, Mis' Collins?

Mrs. Col.—'Im is middlin' thank you, hall but 'is has'my (asthma). But Garge, 'im cut 'is 'and with the hax, an' hit's hawful bad.

Mrs. Gay.—Now that's jist a shame! He'll have to lay off work.

Mrs. Col.—Yes, 'im do. Why 'e can't heven cut 'imself a bit o' bread.

Mrs. Gay.—That makes it hard on you, sure.

Mrs. Col.—It do be, now 'Azel's away from 'ome, 'elpin' Mis' Hemery. But hi mustn't stop. I called in to see 'appen you would like some honions?

Mrs. Gay.—'Deed yes. I'd be powerful glad to git some. We ain't hed none this spring yit. I'll send Almy over f'r some.

Mrs. Col.—Hi 'ope as 'ow Halmy will come, for I halways like to 'ave 'er runnin' hover. Good bye. Hall hof y' come to see me. (Exit Mrs. Collins street door)

Hat.—Come on Alice, we must go too, if we mean to git to work this afternoon.

Rosy—Come in here girls, I got so'thin' to show 'y. (Exit girls to left)

(Knock at door. Mrs. G. opens. Enter postoffice delivery boy.)

Delivery Boy—I have a special delivery letter.

Mrs. Gay.—The which?

Del. Boy—(looking at letter) Is Mrs. Elmira Gayrusan here?

Mrs. Gay.—I 'low she is. I'm her. What d'y' want o' me?

Del. Boy—Here's a special delivery letter for you. (Holds out letter)

Mrs. Gay.—(taking letter gingerly) 'Tain't from the perlice is it? I don't want to go to no law trial, like Mis' Harris, an' hev to be ast a hull heap o' questions, an' swear, an' all that. Rosy! Whar is that girl? Rosy, Come here.

Del. Boy—No, this isn't from the police. Just sign your name in this book. (holds out book and pencil)

Mrs. Gay.—No Siree! Y' don't ketch me signin' my name in no book. Rosy, come quick. I don't know nothin' about sich things, an' I ain't goin' to do nothin' to git th' law on us. (Rosy enters, and Mrs. Gay.— hands letter to her) Here Rosy's a letter. The man says I've got to sign my name in that thar book. See what you kin make out of it.

Rosy—(taking letter looks at postmark) Why, Maw, it's a letter from Judyville, Indiany.

Mrs. Gay—It is? I got right smart o' kin thar. I wonder what they're writin' about? I ain't heerd a word from 'em, f'r nigh onto a year.

Del. Boy—(as Rosy starts to open letter) Wait a minute. You must sign your name in this book, before you can open it.

Mrs. Gay.—(as Rosy takes book) Be turr'ble keerful now, what y' do, about signin' y'r name.

Rosy—But I'll hev to, Maw, before I kin open the letter. (Signs name. Exit Delivery Boy street door.)

Rosy—(opens letter and begins to read) Mrs. Elmiry Gayrusan. Dear Madam:———

Mrs. Gay.—(interrupting) Land sakes! That ain't none o' my folks. Who's it from Rosy? Who's it from?

Rosy—Why, Maw—it's—from a—lawyer.

Mrs. Gay.—(sinking into chair) Thar, I knowed it! I told y' so. I sensed

it all th' time. They've got the law on us, but I dunno what f'r.

Rosy—Well, let's read it any how. (reads) You are hereby in-in (spells word) f-o-r-m-e-d, informed, that you are one of the l-e-g leg, a-t at, e-e-s ees, leg-at-ees-wonder what that is?—named in the last will and t-e-s-t test—oh yes—testament, of Andrew Mosely, d-e de, e-e-a-s-e-d, deceased———

Mrs. Gay.—(interrupting) What's that about Andy Mosely?

Rosy—Why Maw, he's deceased.

Mrs. Gay.—He is! Well, we didn't decease him. I don't see how they kin git th' law on us f'r that. What else does it say?

Rosy—(continuing) Said in-in-s-t-r-u, m-e-n-t, instrument contains a be-q-u-e-s-t, bequest to you, of the sum of one thousand dollars, which amount will shortly be forwarded to you. Yours sincerely, Able Ashmore, E-x-ex, e-c-u-cu, t-o-r, executor (accent on third syllable) of the last will and testament, of Andrew Mosely, deceased.

Mrs. Gay.—But Rosy, what does it mean? What is it about Andy Mosely—he's my full cousin.

Rosy—Maw, it must mean he's dead.

Mrs. Gay.—Dead! Air y' sure? (Mrs. Gay— hurries to clock which she stops, and then turns mirror to wall) An' I hain't got a black dud to my name. Pore Andy! He was as clever a man, as I ever knowed.

Rosy—It says he's left y' a thousand dollars.

Mrs. Gay.—Left me a thousand dollars! Air y' sure? That's a heap o'money.

Rosy (referring to letter) Uh-huh! It says it's the last will and testament of Andy Mosely, and a thousand dollars will soon be sent to you.

Mrs. Gay.—A thousand dollars an' his testament. I can't seem to sense it no how. Rosy, you must run right off and fetch y'r Paw, an' git th' children home from school as quick as y' kin. We've got to show proper respect, when there's a death in the fambly.

Rosy—My! Ain't it grand? I'll fetch 'em to onct.

Mrs. Gay.—An' I'll put away this washin,' an' red up. No more washin' f'r us, Rosy. (Exit Rosy to left.)

Mrs. Gay.—(soliloquizing) A thousand dollars! That's a pile o' money—an' his testament too—It's awful good in him to send me his testament. I 'low that was his Maw's testament, an' I allers thought a heap o' aunt Betsy. (While she talks, she unfastens the wringer and now takes it to shed) (Continues when she gets back) I wonder what he died of. I'll git Rosy to read that letter ag'in. (Takes tub out in shed to right) (Begins again when she returns) Now me an' Paw won't hev to work so hard no more. Paw kin buy hisself a team an' dray, an' kin git a cap with silver letters. He'll look noble drivin' a team. (Now takes out bench) (On return) An' th' childern kin hev a chanct now to be somebody. Almy kin gradyate in style now. She kin hev a silk dress, if she wants it. Wonder what the neighbors'll say. Won't they be suppris'd? Guess they'll see th' Gayrusans ain't quite at th' bottom o' th' heap. (During this last speech Mrs. Gay—puts table back against wall, and straightens things in room.)

Josh—(coming in from right with a rush) Who's dead, Maw, an' left us a million dollars?

Mrs. Gay.—'Tain't quite a million, Joshey, but it's purty nigh it. It's my cousin Andy Mosely what's dead.

Josh.—Hurray! Bully f'r him!

Mrs. Gay.—S'h Joshey! Be quiet, f'r y' know we've hed a death in the fambly. (Enter Rosy with other children from street door, and gather around Mrs. Gayrusan.

Esma.—Rosy says we've got some money, Maw. Hev we?

Almy—Now we can be somebody.

Ruby Pearl—Where is it, Maw? Let's see it.

Josh.—(with superior air) Yes, show us the mon, Maw. It'll look good to me.

Mrs. Gay.—Well if you'll be still long 'nough I'll tell y' all about it. My cousin, Andy Mosely, is dead and deceased, an' he's left us a thousand dollars, an' his testament—Ruby Pearl look at Camely, she'll swaller that thimble in a minit, an' it's the only one we got too. (Ruby Pearl goes to rescue)

Esma.—We kin git plenty more now, Maw.

Mrs. Gay.—So we kin Esm'reldy, so we kin, I clean f'rgot.

Ruby Pearl—Goody, goody! Ain't I glad cousin Andy thunk of us.

Jos.—Huh! He hain't your cousin.

Ruby Pearl—Well he just is, smarty. Maw, aint he my Cousin?

Mrs. Gay.—'Course. He's all y'r kin. He's my full cousin. Aunt Betsy was a widder with five children when she married uncle Mosely. He'd ben married too, an' was left with a raft o' children, an' they hed children after they was married. There was Ebinezer Mosely, he was his'n. Saliny Hill, she was her'n, an' Andy, he was their'n. But Andy's kin is purty nigh all dead now.

(Enter Mr. Gayrusan from street door.)

Almy—Hello Paw!

Ruby Pearl—Paw, we've got some money.

Esma.—Cousin Andy's dead, Paw.

Josh.—How d'y like bein' a millynair, Paw?

Mr. Gay.—Oh, you kids! Y'r Paw ain't disturbin' hisself no great sight. (Turning to Mrs. Gay.—) Well Maw, how y' feelin'? Why ain't y' got y'r 'broiderin' work, an' settin' up in th' parley?

Mrs. Gay.—Now Paw, quit y'r jokin. I *would* like dredful well to hev one o' them lovely tidies like Mis' Green's, all done off in blue an' red, and purple an' green roses, but I hain't got no cheer to put it on.

Mr. Gay.—Well, I guess y' kin git one.

Mrs. Gay.—Sure 'nough, I kin. An' I'm goin' to.

Esma.—Come on Ruby Pearl, le's go tell Jennie Hopkins. (Exit Esmarelda and Ruby Pearl to right.)

Mr. Gay.—Well, f'r a beginnin' s'pose I go up town an' git som'thin' extra to eat, an' we'll celybrate.

Josh.—That strikes me. I'm goin' too Paw.

Cam.—Won't y' fetch me a stick o' candy, an' a 'nano, Paw?

Mr. Gay.—Sure I will, little'n. (Exit Mr. Gay.— and Josh. street door.)

Mrs. Bump—(who enters from right breathlessly) I jist heerd it, an' come right over. It's true you've hed a pile o' money left y,' is it? (goes to front center.)

Mrs. Collins—(come in from street door without knocking) I 'eard as 'ow y' do be heir to a fartune. My! but that be nice. (goes to left center)

Aunt Sally (who enters quietly from right) Well Elmiry, I jist heerd th' noos. Y' don't look no different than y' allers do, 's f'r 's I kin see,. But I want to know all 'bout it. (goes to right center) (Rosy during this conversation is at right back.)

Mrs. Bump—'Tain't me that's begrudgin' to y,' f'r the land knows, y' needed it bad 'nough.

Mrs. Gay.—There's others, that I know on, needin' it too. Guess the' hain't no one but what'd be glad to git a thousand dollars. (Turning to aunt Sally) It's jist this way, aunt Sally. We got a letter this mornin' tellin' that my pore cousin, Andy Mosely, is dead and deceased, an' left me a thousand dollars an' his Maw's testament. We don't know what he died of. He allers was puny, an he used to complain of a mis'ry in his side. I'd a' liked dretful well to have went to his funeral, but course I couldn't nohow.

Aunt Sally—Wouldn't be a bit s'prized if 'twas 'pendycitis. There's a heap o' that lately. (Turning to Mrs. Bump.) Air y' feelin' better'n y' did last week, Mis' Bump?

Mrs. Bump—Oh, I'm better. I got to be well. I can't lay off, no matter how pindlin' I feel. I ain't got no fortchune left to me.

Mrs. Col.—We can be 'appy for 'em that 'as. (To Mrs. G—) 'Appen you'll not stop 'ere long. You'll be gettin' a grand 'ouse to live in.

Mrs. Gay.—No, we won't stay no longer'n till Almy gits gradyated. Then we'll more'n likely move on th' Avynoo, 'r th' Boolyvard—one.

Mrs. Bump Then you'll be so high feelin,' y' won't speak to none o' us.

Mrs. Col.—Now Mis' Bump, 'er don't be one to go back on hold friends. But w'y houghten't her put on a bit o' style.

Aunt Sally—You'll be gettin' one o' them autymobiles, I reckon.

Mrs. Gay.—Like as not. A thousand dollars's a pile o' money, an' I do want Bijy to buy hisself a team an' dray, f'r he won't want to lay off work all th' time.

Mrs. Col.—Then 'im can 'old hup 'is 'ead, an' drive hoff with the best hof 'em.

Mrs. Bump—You'll be gettin' a lot o' fine clo's f'r Almy's gradyation, I reckon.

Mrs. Gay.—Yes, I 'low to fix her out reel stylish.

Mrs. Bump—H'm! Well, my Viry's goin' to hev as good a outfit as your Almy darst hev, if I hev to work my fingers to th' bone. My childern ain't goin' to be downed by nobody.

Mrs. Gay.—Y' hain't got no call to git so riled, Mis' Bump.

Mrs. Bump—Well, I do hate to see folks so proud an' stuck up—treatin' their betters like the dirt under their feet.

Mrs. Col.—(to turn subject) 'Ow is Mis' Harmstrong, aunt Sally?

Aunt Sally—She ain't no better. In fact she was took worse last night, an' they sent f'r me, an' I sat up with her, till I hed to go to Tildy Hobbs'es, count o' th' baby.

Mrs. Bump—What was y' doin' over to Si Comstock's yist'day ev'nin'?

Aunt Sally—Oh Molly sent f'r me. She don't know no more 'bout babies'n a cat'n not's much. Th' baby jist hed a spell o' colic, but I soon hed it quiet, an' sleepin' like a lam,' arter I found su'thin' to make catnip tea in. I'd tucked some

in my pocket, as I 'lowed I'd need it. (Knock is heard at street door. Rosy opens door and admits bride and groom)

Rosy—Why Julie Brown-an' Sam Green! Whar 'd you drop from?

Sam—(who with Julie should get well in door, then taking his wife's hand and drawing it through his arm, says with awkward bow) Mis' Green, if y' please.

Julie—(looking conscious, puts finger to mouth) Yes, we was married today. (goes towards Mrs. Gayrusan) Say, we heerd y'r cousin was dead, an' left y' a lot o' money. Ain't that nice?

Mrs. Gay.—Yes 'tis. O' course we're sorry he's dead, but we're awful glad to git th' money.

Aunt Sally—Well, if we ain't clean forgittin' to congrat'late th' bride an' groom. (All gather around them. Aunt Sally shakes hands with bride and groom pump handle fashion) I wish y' lots o' good luck. (Mrs. Bump fingers veil with a sneer on face)

Child—(rushing in from right, in great excitement) Whar's aunt Sally? Becky sed she were here. (Aunt Sally steps forward) Oh aunt Sally, th' twins has swallered a penny.

Aunt Sally—Which twin? Which one?

Child—We dunno. One's bawlin' 'cause she did, an' t'other's bawlin' 'cause he didn't. (All look excited, listening with open mouths.)

Mrs. Gay.—Rosy git th' epycack.

Mrs. Bump—Stan' 'em on their heads.

Aunt Sally—Whar air they?

Child—Maw's fetchin' 'em. (cries of two children are heard outside)

CURTAIN

ACT II.

Three months later.

Stage Directions.

"Parley" in new home.

A gaudy covering for floor.

Cheap lace curtains.

Plush furniture, if possible. If this cannot be secured, have something cheap and flashy.

A child's rocking chair.

A center table, in center of room.

Small stand, right back, on which is phonograph.

Curtain rises, showing family all in black, even to Camely. Mr. Gayrusan and Joshey have crape bands on hats.

Joshey stands by phonograph, which is playing some popular rag time song. (It may be well to begin this song before curtain rises, or play only part of song, that audience may not become tired of it.)

Mr. Gayrusan sits in front of center table, facing right, listening with rapt attention to music, beating time with foot.

Camely sits on his lap, holding a fine, new doll.

Mrs. Gayrusan stands at right front, facing left, with arms akimbo, keeping time with head and body.

Rosy at left of table, with pensive air, sewing.

Almy back of table, facing right, with novel in hand, which she has been reading, but she is now enjoying music.

Esmareldy, and Ruby Pearl, on floor, left front, strapping on roller skates.

As music stops, Camely slips off father's knee, sits in little rocker, which stands by father facing right. Child sits and rocks doll.

Mr. Gay.—(as music stops) Well, if it ain't th' beaatenest thing, how they git th' music out o' them thar funnygrafts.

Almy—That piece is just swell! The girl sung it at th' movin' pictures last night. But it's time for me to go and practice my music lesson.

Mrs. Gay.—I wish y'r pianny would come. This thing o' payin' out money for some body else's pianny, when y've got a four hundred dollar one of y'r own comin,' ain't what I 'lowed on, no how.

(Exit Almy to right)

Mr. Gay.—Play us another piece Joshey.

Jos.—Hain't got time. Hear Hen Page whistlin' now. Got t' go. (Grabs up hat) (Exit at street door)

(Mr. Gayrusan picks up paper and begins to study out words, reading in loud whisper, following lines with finger. Mrs. Gayrusan picks up fancy work from table, takes chair vacated by Almy, and laboriously works at it.)

Esma—Come on Ruby Pearl, let's go out on th' pavement an' skate. (They pick up skates, or Ruby Pearl may have on a pair, and Esmareldy helps her off stage.)

Ruby—(As girls go out street door) Maw, can't we go over to Geneva Spudd's this afternoon?

Mrs. Gay.—No y' can't. Hain't I never goin' to hear th' last o' Mulberry Place?

Cam.—Maw, whar's my Polly doll?

Mrs. Gay.—(in persuasive voice) Oh now, honey, y' don't want that ol' rag doll. Jist see how much purtier y'r noo dolly is.

Cam.—I know it's purty, Maw, but I do love my Polly doll. I want my Polly.

Mr. Gay. (Seeing that Camely is about to cry) Thar, thar, baby, don't cry. You kin go with Paw when he hitches up.

Cam.—(With bright face, casting doll aside) Oh, kin I? Goody! (Stands up by father, leans against him. Mr. Gay.— puts arm around child)

Mr. Gay.—(throwing paper down) This loafin' business is gittin' mighty wearin.' I'd like t 'heave a hull load o' heavy bar'ls this minit.

Mrs. Gay.—But Paw, jist think how nice it is, we kin live on the Avynoo, even if th' neighbors is stuck up right smart, an' hard to git acquainted with.

Mr. Gay.—I'll bet a dollar Maw, you'd be glad to hev Mis' Collins run in—an' even Mis' Bump wouldn't put y' out none.

Mrs. Gay.—I do kinder hanker f'r th' old neighbors sometimes, but we must giv' th' children a chanct, an' it's mighty nice, not to hev to count ev'ry penny. (sniffing) Rosy, I b'lieve that meat's b'ilin' dry. (Exit Rosy to left)

Mr. Gay.- Maw, what's th' matter with our Rosy? She seems kinder droopy. Not nigh so peart 's she us't t' be.

Mrs. Gay.—She's jist actin' cranky about that thar Lute Hawkins. I git plum' put out, f'r she knows he ain't good 'nuff f'r sich as her, now.

Mr. Gay.—Why, Maw, y' us't t' think Lute was all right.

Mrs. Gay.—Yes, he done well 'nuff f'r Mulberry Place, but he ain't good 'nuff f'r th' Avynoo. Rosy kin do a hull lot better'n him, an' she's jist got to. Thar's Charlie Sparker—he's plum' gone on Rosy, an' his Paw's rich. Thar ain't a bit o' use in Rosy actin' so.

Cam.—(Pulling at Mr. Gayrusan's arm) Come on Paw, le's go.

Mr. Gay.- Purty soon, honey. (To Mrs. Gay.-) But Maw, it takes two to make a barg'in an' as f'r 's I kin see, this Charlie Sparker business's all one sided. An' to me, it ain't so all fired queer that *'tis*, f'r I think myself, his head wheels ain't all 'iled.

Mrs. Gay.—Thar now! You go takin' her part. Here I'm doin' ev'ry thing I kin f'r my fambly, to giv' 'em a chanct, an' they don't seem to sense things, no how. Thar's Esmareldy an' Ruby Pearl, hankerin' f'r Mulberry Place trash. Rosy's pinin' f'r Lute, an' even th' baby's cryin' f'r her ol' rag doll, an' now you're turnin' ag'in me. Charlie Sparker hes ben well brung up, an' he kin giv' Rosy a place befittin' her station.

Mr. Gay.—Well, hev it y'r own way, Maw, hev it y'r own way. Come on, baby, we'll go now.

Mrs. Gay.—Remember Paw, we want the soorey (surrey) this arternoon.

Mr. Gay.—All right Maw. I'll hitch up y'r dock tailed nag. (Exit Mr. Gay.—and Cam.— to left) (Enter Rosy from left)

Mrs. Gay.—(rising and puts down work) Rosy I'm goin' over to Mis' Mace's to borry that receipt o' hern. I won't be gone but a minit. Be sure'n watch th' meat. (Exit Mrs. Gay.— from street door)

(As Rosy crosses over to right, Joshey comes in from left)

Josh.—(in loud whisper) Whar's Maw, Rosy? Whar's Maw?

Rosy—She's gone over to Mace's. Why?

Josh.—Lute's out here. He wants t' see y.' Gee! He must want t' see y' awful bad, f'r he giv' me a knife, an' a ketchin' glov.' (Goes to left and calls) Come on, Lute. It's all right.

(Enter Lute from left. He throws cap on chair to left back, and hurries towards Rosy, who comes toward Lute. They meet at center front. Lute takes both of Rosy's hands in his.)

Rosy—Oh, Lute!

Lute—I've ben dyin' to see y' Rosy.

Rosy—We mustn't let Maw ketch y' here Lute. Joshey, you watch f'r us, there's a good boy.

Josh.—Not much! I'm goin' swimmin.'

Rosy—Oh now Joshey, please do.

Josh.—I will, if y' promise not t' wash my ears no more, n'r make me clean my feet.

Rosy—All right, I'll promise. (Joshey goes to street door, and stands on outside watching)

Lute—Rosy, I heerd that softie, Charlie Sparker's, hangin' round y.' Is that straight?

Rosy—He's comin' here some, but it's all Maw's doin's. I jist can't bear him.

Lute—I'm mighty glad t' hear that. I was afeared y' might be taken with his fine clo's an' his money.

Rosy—Why Lute, y' know y'r worth more to me, than all the money an' fine clo's in th' world.

Jos—(As Lute is about to take Rosy in his arms, Joshey sticks head in door, and with hands to his mouth calls in stage whisper) Maw's comin.' Look out! Maw's comin.'

Rosy—(Pushing Lute toward left door) Go Lute!

Lute—But Rosy——

Rosy—Oh Lute, go quick!

(Lute rushes off without cap, while Rosy grabs up a rag and begins dusting chairs on right of stage)

Mrs. Gay.—(As she enters from street door) Why Rosy, you dusted them cheers onct this mornin.' Seems t' me y'r gettin' mighty pe' tic'lar. (Mrs. Gayrusan goes to left of table, takes chair facing audience, and studies over receipt. Joshey espies Lute's cap on chair, left back, and holds it up behind mother's back, for Rosy to see. Rosy goes towards Joshey and motions frantically to Joshey to take cap out.)

Josh.—(In stage whisper) What'll y' gi' me? (He dances about imp like) 'll y' gi' me y'r noo sweater?

Rosy—(looking horrified, shakes head vigorously) Oh Joshey, I can't giv' y' that.

Josh.—(In stage whisper) Y've got t,' 'r I'll tell Maw. (Moves towards mother) Here goes. I'll tell her.

Rosy—(in consternation) Oh, please Joshey!

Josh—Say yes then, 'r I'll tell her. I will.

Rosy—(Nodding head) Yes, yes. (Exit Joshey from street door, with cap)

Mrs. Gay.—(looking up from receipt) Rosy, I wisht y'd come an' read this here receipt. I can't make it out nohow.

Rosy—(going hurriedly to table and snatches up a newspaper) All right, Maw, I'll read it.

Mrs. Gay.—(frowning) Rosy Gayrusan, air y' plum' crazy? I want y' t' read this here receipt, an' not that thar paper. (Pointing finger at Rosy) I tell y' Rosy, this thing's got t' be stopped. Y' ain't goin' moonin' 'round here no more not knowin' what y'r about. Y've jist got to giv' up that Lute Hawkins, an' stop thinkin' about him. Thar's Charlie Sparker, purty nigh dyin' t' git y,' an' you jist treat him ridic'lous.

Rosy—Charlie Sparker! I can't bear him. He's so silly.

Mrs. Gay.—I think he's dretful genteel, an' nice appearin,' an' his Paw's awful rich. They say he runs a bucket shop, an' while I didn't s'pose thar was much money in sellin' buckets, I 'low thar must be, from what I heern. They live in an awful fine house, with a porch onto the front, an' Mis' Peters says they've got a carpet in the parly made o' brustles. I can't see how it kin be nice made o' brustles, but it must be, th' way Mis' Peter's spoke. They live in grand style, an' it's Charlie Sparker't kin giv' you a place, befittin' y'r station.

Rosy—I don't keer nothin' f'r their fine house. My station ain't a botherin' me none, an' I jist hate Charlie Sparker, with his soft, sick'nin ways.

Mrs. Gay.—(looking at Rosy sternly) Now, no more o' that kind o' talk Rosy Gayrusan. Y'ye jist got to make up y'r mind to be pleasant to Charlie, an' treat him nice, next time he comes. Now mind it. (Knock at street door. Mrs. Gayrusan opens door and admits Miss Gertrude Osborne)

Mrs. Gay.—W'y Miss Gertrude! Is it reely you? Come right in. I'm proud t' see y.' Do take a cheer.

Miss Ger.—(As Mrs. Gayrusan pulls chair she has just vacated to left front corner of table) Such a time as I have had finding you! How do you all do? And here's Rosa too.

Rosy—I'm awful glad t' see y' Miss Gertrude. (Miss Gertrude sits in chair placed for her, and Rosy sits dejectedly, at right front.)

Mrs. Ga.—It's too bad! We ort to hev let y' knowed we had went to live on the Avynoo, but we was so upsot, I clean forgot about it.

Miss Ger.—I hear you have had some good fortune, since I saw you last.

Mrs. Gay.—Yes, we got a *big* forchun.' Mrs. Gayrusan comes to right of table, almost facing audience, and while talking, sometimes leans on table, in her earnestness) Y' see it was this way, Miss Gertrude. Andy Mosely, who lives down in Injiany, an' is my full cousin, is dead and deceased. We don't know what he died of, but I know he allers hed a mis'ry in his side, an' was puny like. Any how, he's dead an' deceased. an' he's left me a hull thousan' dollars an' his Maw's testament. The testament ain't come yit.

Miss Ger.—A thousand dollars! Is that all?

Mrs. Gay.—All! Ain't that enuff? Why that's a pile o' money, an' I tell y' we're enjoyin' it, right smart.

Miss Ger.—Better go a little slow. Money slips away so easily.

Mrs. Gay.—Oh, we got a plenty, an' needn't skimp none, I 'low. I'm bound th' children shall hev thar chanct.

Miss Ger.—I suppose then, you have given up washing.

Mrs. Gay.—Oh yes, we quit th' washin's to onct. (drawing up chair near Miss Gertrude) But say, Miss Gertrude. Now y'r here, I want t' ast y'r advice. Almy's ben ast to go to a party tonight an' she wants to wear her white grady-atin' dress. Would it be fit an' becomin' to leave off her black? 'Course I'll go on wearin' mournin' 'cause Andy was my kin.

Miss Ger.—By all means, Mrs. Gayrusan, let Alma wear her white dress, and if I were you, I would have all the children leave off black.

Mrs. Gay.—If you 'low it's all right, I b' lieve I will. If you'll 'xcuse me a bit, I'll git out th' dress an' heat th' irons, f'r to press it. (Exit Mrs. Gayrusan to left)

Miss Ger.—(turning to Rosy) You do not look well, Rosa. I do not believe you are enjoying the better times that have come to you. Have you been sick?

Rosy—No, Miss Gertrude.

Miss Ger.—Then what is the trouble?

Rosy—Oh, Miss Gertrude, Maw won't let me go with Lute Hawkins no more.

Miss Ger.—Why?

Rosy—She says he ain't good enuff f'r me, an' she says I haf to treat Charlie Sparker nice, an' I jist hate 'im.

Miss Ger.—(with a sigh) Well, we all have our troubles, Rosa.

Rosy—(with wisful look) You never hev no trouble now, do y' Miss Gertrude?

Miss Ger.—Why yes, child. I have my troubles, just as others have.

Rosy—But never no trouble 'bout y'r beau, like I do.

Miss Ger.—(looking conscious) Don't be too sure about that, Rosa. But I think I must be going. (rising) Cheer up, dear. Things may brighten up yet.

Rosy—(goes to left and calls) Maw, Miss Gertrude's goin.'

Mrs. Gay.—(entering) Do y' hev to go so soon? Can't y' set longer?

Miss Ger.—No, I must really be going.

Mrs. Gay.—Come soon ag'in, Miss Gertrude, do—now that you've found us. We allers lot a heap on y'r comin.'

Miss Ger.—I will, thank you. Good bye. Good bye, Rosa.

Mrs. Gay.—Good bye.

Rosy—Good bye, Miss Gertrude. (Exit Miss Gertrude from street door)

Rosy—Ain't Miss Gertrude sweet?

Mrs. Gay.—She is that. (Knock is heard at left. Rosy goes to door, while Mrs. Gayrusan goes to right front)

Rosy—How d'y' do Mis' Bump? Come in.

Mrs. Bump—(stepping inside and looking around) I dunno as I'd better come in, y'r so fine around here. I reckon you've forgot y'r old neighbors.

Mrs. Gay.—I guess we hain't forgot 'em. Come on in, an' set down.

Mrs. Bump—(going to left front by chair) No, I won't set down. I jist come to see if y' hed things as fine's they all say y' hev. But I don't see what Aunt Sally saw to go on so about. Y' ain't fixed nigh s' grand as what Mis' Bergner, th' woman I work f'r, is. She's got a marble top table.

Mrs. Gay.—We're goin' to hev one. Didn't hev none on hands, but they ordered one f'r us. Hev y' ben well Mis' Bump?

Mrs. Bump—No, I hain't. I've hed r'umatiz, an' nooralgy, all up an' down my back, an' it's made me powerful weak. I've got to keep goin' though. I can't set down an' fold my hands, like some folks.

Mrs. Gay—Y' had ort to git some o' King Soloman's Ile. It'll cure y' right at onct.

Mrs. Bump—I ain't got no money to spend f'r sich things. I hain't no milly-naire.

Rose—Maw, we got part o' our last bottle left. Mis' Bump kin hev that.

Mrs. Bump—No, no. I'll not hev it. I won't be beholdin' to nobody. I ain't no beggar. I must be goin' now. I ain't no hand to be runnin' arter rich folks. I 'low Mis' Sprinkle's ben here a dozen times. I'll be goin' f'r I've wasted too much time a'ready. 'G'in I git home, it'll be supper time. (Exit Mrs. Bump at left)

Rosy—Mis' Bump allers giv's me th' shivers.

Mrs. Gay.—She's one o' them, who's allers a lookin' at things thro' th' suds, an' never sees 'em thro' th' rench water.

(Rosy goes to window. If window cannot be had, she can go to one of the doors)

Rosy—If thar don't come that everlastin' Charlie Sparker! I'il git out o' here. (Exit to right)

Mrs. Gay—Rosy, come right back here. (Knock is heard at street door. Mrs. Gayrusan opens door, and admits Charlie Sparker, an awkward, gawky youth, flashily dressed)

Mrs. Gay.—(All smiles, and very effusive) Why how air y' Mr. Sparker? Set down an' take a cheer. Rosy'll be here in jist a minit. She's gone to slick up a bit. (Calls) Rosy, Rosy, Mr. Sparkler's here.

Charlie—(Taking a chair at left front, facing audience, nervously twirls his hat, speaks in a bashful, silly way, drawling words) Don't hurry her none, Mis' Gayrusan, I ain't in no hurry. I jist brung in some kodac pictures, to show her an' you.

Mrs. Gay.—That's mighty kind o' you. (Mrs. Gayrusan sits at right of table) (Enter Rosy from right)

Charlie—Howdy do, Miss Rosy?

Rosy—(indifferently) Howdy do, Mr. Sparker? (Rosy goes to table, picks up work, and takes chair at right front. There is a painful silence, though Mrs. Gayrusan gives Rosy meaning looks, but Rosy pays no attention)

Mrs. Gay.—(In desperation) Does y'r Maw keep well this summer, Mr. Sparker?

Charlie—Not very, reel-well. She 'pears to be clean tuckered out this hot weather. She's ben 'lowin' to come an' call on y,' but she hain't got 'round to it yet.

Mrs. Gay.—Well, that's reel clever of her. I wisht she would come. (Another silence. Mrs. Gayrusan looks sternly at Rosy, hoping to get her to say something) Business purty good these times, Mr. Sparker?

Charlie—(Glancing toward Rosy) Middlin.' It keeps me an' Paw hus'lin' most o' th' time. (Mrs. Gayrusan keeps looking and nodding to Rosy)

Rosy—Hev y' ben to th' band fair any, Mr. Sparker?

Charlie—No, I hain't ben none yit. But say Miss Rosy, I've got th' cutest noo dawg. I'm goin' to learn it a lot o' tricks. But if you want to go to th' band fair, I'll take y.'

Rosy—Oh, I don't care———

Mrs. Gay.—(interrupting) She'll be pleased to go to th' fair with you, an' it's dretful kind f'r you to ast her—But I must go see whar Camely is.

Rosy—(rising) Le' me go Maw.

Mrs. Gay.—(giving Rosy a cross look, and shaking head) No, I'll go myself. (Exit to left)

Charlie—(After a long silence, hitches his chair in Rosy's direction) Say, I went huntin' t'other day—shot two shots at a rabbit. Shot its head off, an' then hed to run it down.

Rosy—Is that so?

Charlie—(Giving another hitch to chair, while Rosy moves her chair the other way) Yes, an I went ag'in, an' a quail an' a rabbit flew over my head, an' I didn't know which to shoot, so I let 'em both git away.

Rosy—Did y'?

Charlie—(After another awkward pause, hitching chair in Rosy's direction again) Say, Miss Rosy, Sis says Tommy Todd took off his shoes an' stockin's yist'rday, right in time o' the school house.

Rosy—(getting embarassed and worried) How awful!

Charlie—(with another hitch of chair) Say, Miss Rosy, I want you to name my noo dawg.

Rosy—I don't know no names f'r dogs.

Charlie—(Giving chair another hitch) Any name you'd giv'll suit me all right. (Grins foolishly at Rosy)

Rosy—I can't think o' no name.

Charlie—(taking chair over by Rosy, who looks around for way of escape) I'll show you them picters. (Fumbles in pocket) I brung 'em over to show y.' I'd like to take a picter o' you mighty well, Miss Rosy.

(Joshey rushes in, followed by his mother)

Mrs. Gay.—(In stage whisper) Joshey, Joshey, don't go in thar.

Josh—(hurrying on) Well, I want my ketchin' glove. Say Rosy, whar's my ketchin' glove?

Rosy—(Rising with sigh of relief) I dunno Joshey. Whar d'y' leave it?

Mrs. Gay.—Joshey, y'r Paw wants you.

Josh.—I'll be thar purty soon.

Charlie—(Rising) Well, I guess I must be goin,' but I'll be back tonight, Miss Rosy, to go to th' band fair. Good bye.

Rosy—Good bye, Mr. Sparker. (As soon as Mr. Sparker leaves room, Rosy throws her arms around Joshey and gives him a hug.)

Rosy—Oh, Joshey, if you ain't th' dearest kid!

Josh.—Aw come off, Sis! What y'r drivin' at? What'd I do? (Comprehending) Uh-huh! I see. Gitin' tired o' Sparker wasn't y'? Now if that hed been Lute———

Mrs. Gay.—(Entering from left) What y' goin' to wear to the band fair tonight, Rosy?

Rosy—I dunno, an' I don't care. (Exit Rosy to right)

Mrs. Gay.—(As knock is heard) Now I wonder who that is? (Mrs. G.—goes to door and admits Miss Philena Stacy. Mrs. G.— speaking as to a stranger) Howdy do? Will y' come in?

Miss Stacy—(Enters going to left front) I won't take much of your time. I am canvassing this district. I'm a woman suffragist.

Mrs. Gay.—You're a what? (Mrs. G.— goes to right of table)

Miss Stacy—A woman suffragist.

Mrs. Gay.—Oh! Well yes! Don't the women suffer jist? I've allers told Paw they did.

Miss Stacy—Have you had the franchise canvass in this neighborhood?

Mrs. Gay.—Not sence we've ben here. We had measles, mumps, 'hoopin' coff, an' e'en a'most every thing else, over on Mulberry Place, but we haint never hed that thar, *you* speak of. Is it ketchin'?

Miss Stacy—I don't think you understand. I'm making a canvass to find how many of the women care to vote. Would you like to vote?

Mrs. Gay.—Well wouldn't I jist! I'd like powerful well to git even with that Bill Ford, who run f'r alderman. I told Paw I'd giv' anything to git a chanct to vote ag'in him, 'cause he's ag'in pig pens.

Miss Stacy—Against pig pens! What do you mean?

Mrs. Gay.—Why he's ag'in poor folks havin' pig pens. He says they ain't healthy—that the air hain't pure to breathe. Now thar's Tim Maloney, he b'lieves in folks havin' a pig pen, an' a bit of a pig. I sez to Paw, I sez, I jist wisht I hed a chanct to vote ag'in Bill Ford, an' git Tim Maloney in. An' Paw, sez, 'You belong to the weaker sect. It ain't no place f'r women at th' polls. An' I sez to Paw, I sez, A woman's place is at the clo's poles I reckon. They hain't too weak f'r that.

Miss Stacy—That's just about right. What is the name of your next door neighbor on the right?

Mrs. Gay.—Why that's Mis' Prentic Melville. She's dretful stuck up, an' conceity.

Miss Stacy—Is she in favor of women voting?

Mrs. Gay.—Huh! She don't know much. I dunno's she'd know a pig pen when she seen it.

Miss Stacy—I think I'll see her. Good afternoon.

Mrs. Gay.—Good day mum. (Exit Miss Stacy at street door.)

Mr. Gay.—(entering from left) What d'y' think Maw, they wouldn't giv me no money on this check. Said it wasn't no good—that your money's all gone.

Mrs. Gay.—Money all gone! Why 'Bijy Gayrusan, what air you talkin' about? If you think that's a joke, it's a mighty pore one.

Mr. Gay.—I ain't jokin,' I kin tell y.' Wisht I was. I went to th' bank, an' giv' 'em this here check, Almy writ, but they wouldn't giv me no money on it. Said thar wasn't no more thar.

Mrs. Gay.—Wasn't no more thar! Why Paw, they're plum' crazy. Thar's a lot more papers in that book. I seen 'em this very day. (Gets check book, and turns over leaves) Jist look at that. You take this book to them bankers right away, an' show 'em. (Gives book to Mr. Gayrusan.)

Mr. Gay.—'Twon't do a bit o' good, f'r I did tell 'em thar was a hull lot more leaves in the book, but they sed they didn't count f'r nothin,' when th' money was all gone.

Mrs. Gay.—Gim me that book, an' I'll see w'ether it don't count f'r nothin.' You allers was so soft Paw, any body kin fool you, an' not half try. But they' better not try to fool me.

(Mrs. Gayrusan grabs check book, starts for door. Footsteps are heard, and as Mrs. Gayrusan opens door, she encounters a young man, Ralph Somers, carrying Camely in his arms. Camely's eyes are closed. Ralph is followed by Esmareldy and Ruby Pearl, who are very much frightened.)

Mrs. Gay.—Oh! My baby. What hev y' ben doin' to my baby? Giv' her to me.

Ralph S.—Don't be frightened. There has been an accident, but I hope it is not serious. She ran in front of my auto, which struck her.

Mrs. Gay.—My pore baby! (Turning to girls) Esmareldy, an' Ruby Pearl, didn't I tell y' to watch that baby. Pore little lam'—git a pan o' water quick! Oh, I wisht aunt Sally was here! Paw what y' standin' thar doin' nothin' f'r? Go git th' doctor.

CURTAIN

ACT III

STAGE SETTING

Wash tub, in which is board, on bench, right front.
Wringer on floor, left of center.
Bicycle (if stage is large enough) left center.
Table against wall, left back.
Big rocking chair, right of center, well forward.
Stool by rocking chair.
Chair by big rocking chair.

Curtain rises showing Mrs. Gayrusan at tub, as in first act, Mr. Gayrusan kneeling on floor, mending wringer, Joshey tinkering with bicycle, Camely sitting in big chair, with foot wrapped, and on stool. Almy sits by Camely, trimming an old hat, Esmareldy and Ruby Pearl at table washing dishes. Camely has Polly doll in her arms. After curtain rises, Rosy comes from left, carrying broom and dustpan.

Mr. Gay.—I jist can't figger it out, nohow.

Mrs. Gay.—You can't figger it out? Why it's as plain as the nose on a man's face. They stole our money, that's what. An' th' perlice say they can't do a thing. An' thar's them bankers, a puttin' on a lot o' style, with *our* money.

Mrs. Bump—(walking in from street door) Huh! Back in th' old house ag'in ain't y'? It must seem kinder cramped like, arter th' Avynoo. I allers sed them as flies so high, is sure to light sometime. (Mrs. Bump goes to center front)

Mr. Gay.—The lightin' didn't hurt us none. We're jist as good as we ever was. We lit right side up.

Mrs. Bump—Well y' ain't carryin' y'r heads quite s' high.

Mrs. Gay.—That's all y' know. We air carryin' our heads jist as high as ever, an' if we had our rights, an' our money hedn't ben stole, we wouldn't be here.

Mrs. Bump—Th' neighbors all say, y' run thro' it all. An' I 'lowed y' would, th' way you was goin' it. I told Bump, you was lickin' th' 'lasses off y'r bread purty fast.

Mrs. Gay.—We ain't neither, spent all our money, no such thing. Them bankers stole it, that's what they done.

Mrs. Bump—Well, all I say is, them as is down, needn't be afeared o' fallin." I'm mighty glad I didn't hev to come down, arter high-flyin' around.

Mrs. Gay.—You'll allers *be* down, so it's a good thing you're pleased.

Mrs. Bump—An' Rosy didn't git Charlie Sparker, arter all her runnin' arter him.

Josh—Huh! That softy! She could of hed him, if she'd wanted him. (aside, The old cat!) (Almy and Rosy look disgusted, but say nothing.)

Mrs. Gay.—My Rosy didn't run arter Charlie Sparker, no sich thing.

Mr. Gay.—F'r as I could see, she was runnin' t'other way.

Mrs. Gay.—He was ha'f killed to git her, but she wouldn't make up with him, no how.

Mrs. Bump—Huh! That's a very different story, from what I heerd. By th' way, I see Lute Hawkins is awful sweet on Hattie Todd. An' Lute got to be one o' th' bosses in the groc'ry after y' left. I tell y' he's jist comin' up ain't 'e? Too bad Rosy let him slip. But I must be goin.' Mebby you'll come an' see common folks *now*. (Exit street door)

Mr. Gay.—Phew! H'ist th' winder, Rosy. The air is jist blue round here.

Almy—It does smell decidedly of brimstone. If she'd stayed much longer, she'd got a piece o' my mind. The very idea of her comin' here an' sayin' Rosy run after that Charlie Sparker!

Josh.—She's a cracker jack!

Esma—Hateful old thing!

Ruby Pearl—Ain't she mean? I'm glad she's gone. Didn't she make you mad Rosy?

Rosy—I didn't pay much 'tention to her. I jist let it in one ear, and out th' other.

Mr. Gay.—Here's y'r wringer, Maw, as good as ever. Exit Mr. Gay.— to right.)

Camely—Maw, I'm tired. I want some body to play with.

Mrs. Gay.—I spect y' air tired honey. Ruby Pearl, go show Camely th' picter book, Mr. Ralph brung her, th' last time he come.

Cam.—I want to git down an' walk.

Mrs. Gay.—Oh, no honey! Y' can't walk yit. Y' know y'r ankle's not well yit. But 'twon't be long now, till y' kin put y'r foot on th' floor. Let Ruby Pearl show y' th' purty book. It's got a el'fant, an' tagger in it.

Esma.—(As Ruby Pearl starts to get book) She hain't got all th' dishes wiped yit.

Mrs. Gay.—You kin finish them few dishes y'r self.

Esma.—I don't keer! She's allers gittin' out o' ev'ry thing.

Rosy—Run along. I'll do up th' rest o' these dishes.

Esma.—Good f'r you, Rosy. (Exit Esmareldy to left.)

Josh.—Whar's my cap?

Almy—For pity sake, Joshey! I wish you'd tie that cap on your head, so you could find it once in awhile.

Josh.—'Tain't none o' your put in.

Mrs. Gay.—Joshey, you must take them clo's to Sinclair's.

Josh.—I don't want to pack them clo's.

Mrs. Gay.—Well y've got to pack 'em, jist th' same, an' y' want to be keerful an' not scrunch 'em, too.

Josh.—Shucks! Well, where air they at?

Mrs. Gay.—They're out in th' shed, all done up, ready f'r y.' (Exit Joshey to right, taking bicycle.)

Ruby Pearl—Maw, I've got to go, or I'll be late.

Mrs. Gay.—Well, git ready an' go. (Exit Ruby Pearl to left.)

Almy—(holding up hat) There! How does it look, Rosy?

Rosy—That looks swell. Put it on an' le's see.

Almy—(Puts on hat) How d'you like it?

Rosy—It's fine!

Mrs. Gay.—(admiringly) My! but that's purty, Almy. If you wasn't goin' to be a school marm, you could be a hat trimmer all right. But then a school marm is a leetle more thought on, an' you've got t' keep up th' repytation of th' fambly. F'r it seems Rosy won't do nothin' o' that kind.

Rosy—(Ignoring mother's remark, as Almy leaves room) Where are y' goin' Almy?

Almy—I'm goin' to visit Miss Snow's room. You know she asked me to come today.

Mrs. Gay.—You be sure to watch reel clost at ev'ry thing she does, so y' kin find how to learn th' scholars.

Almy—All right Maw, I'll be lookin' out. (Exit Almy to left)

(Knock is heard at street door. Rosy opens door and admits Miss Gertrude.)

Miss Ger.—Good morning, Rosa. Is your mother at home?

Rosy—Yes, Maw's home Miss Gertrude. Come right in.

Miss Ger.—How do you do, Mrs. Gayrusan? Are you all well? (Exit Rosy to left)

Mrs. Gay.—(Wiping hands on apron, and placing chair to center front for Miss Ger.—) Oh, Miss Gertrude, we've ben havin' awful bad luck sence I seen y' last. We've lost all our money. Them bankers jist stole it from us, I know they did. An' Camely has ben run over by a autymobile, an' Rosy's ben actin' kantankerous, an' Almy's like not to git her school.

Miss Ger.—Well, you *have* been unfortunate. You say Camelia has been run over by an automobile? How did that happen?

Mrs. Gay.—You see, she was runnin' to git away from a team, an' run plum' in front of the autymobile. Th' gentleman, that was runnin' it, has ben awful kind an' it wasn't no fault o' hisn at all, that her ankle was broke.

Miss Ger.—(Going to Camely) Poor little girl! It is fortunate it was no worse. Is there anything I can do for her?

Mrs. Gay.—No, I guess not, Miss Gertrude. Thank y' jist th' same. No one could be no kinder to Camely, than th' young man is. He comes ev'ry day 'r two, an' brings her things.

Miss Ger.—Perhaps I can come, and take her for a drive. How will that do Camelia?

Cam.—I'd like that purty much, Miss Gertrude.

Mrs. Gay.—Wouldn't she though! That'll be great! I wouldn't care so much f'r losin' th' money, Miss Gertrude, but I hed my heart sot on th' children havin' a chanct.

Miss Ger.—Don't worry about your children, Mrs. Gayrusan. They're bright enough. They'll have their chance, all right. But I'm forgetting my errand. I came to see if you will take my washing and ironing again. I haven't been able to find any one else, who pleases me, as well as you did.

Mrs. Gay.—(much pleased) Well now, Miss Gertrude——— (Knock is heard. Mrs. Gayrusan opens door, and admits Ralph Somers)

Mrs. Gay.—Why Mr. Ralph! It's kind o' you to come so soon ag'in.

Ralph S.—How do you do, Mrs. Gayrusan? How's our little patient this morning? I've brought her———(sees Miss Gertrude) Oh, excuse me. I didn't know you had company.

Mrs. Gay.—This is only Miss Gertrude, Mr. Ralph.

Ralph S.—I'll not intrude. I'll come again.

Cam.—Oh, Mr. Ralph, don't go. I've got th' goodest story, f'r you to read to me.

Ralph S.—I'll read it to you some other time, little girl.

Miss Ger.—Don't go on my account, Mr. Somers. I came merely on an errand.

Mrs. Gay.—W'y do you know Mr. Ralph, Miss Gertrude?

Miss Ger.—(Much confused) Why—I—Why we—Well, Yes,—

Ralph S.—Yes indeed, Mrs. Gayrusan. We've known each other for years. In fact at one time, we were very good friends.

Miss Ger.—(Rising suddenly) I must be going.

Ralph S.—(As Gertrude passes him) Still relentless, Gertrude?

Miss Ger.—How can I be otherwise? (Exit from street door)

Mrs. Gay.—W'y I never dre'mp that you two folks knowed one another. But it looks like y'd hed a fallen out.

Ralph S.—Simply a misunderstanding.

Mrs. Gay.—Now that's too bad.

Cam.—Ain't y' goin' to read to me, Mr. Ralph?

Ralph S.—Not today, dearie. Next time I come I'll read to you. Good bye.

Cam.—Good bye, Mr. Ralph. Come soon. (Exit from street door)

(Rosy enters from left, as whistle is heard outside)

Mrs. Gay.—That sounds like Lute Hawkins' whistle. Now look here Rosy Gayrusan, I want y' to treat Lute like he was somebody.

Rosy—(in astonishment) Why Maw—— (Enter Lute and begins putting groceries on table)

Mrs. Gay.—Why how air y' Lute? I'm powerful glad to see y' ag'in.

Lute—(rather stiffly) Good morning, Mrs. Gayrusan. As I was comin' past here, I brung th' things myself.

Mrs. Gay.—Can't y' set down a bit, Lute? I must go see about them clo's, but you an' Rosy kin visit a bit. (Exit Mrs. Gay.— to right)

Rosy—What d'y s'pose has come over Maw?

Lute—Dunno, but it looks a little, as if she was comin' our way.

Rosy—But I do wonder what it means.

Lute—I f'r one, don't keer *what* it means. 'S long as she's willin,' that's good 'nuff f'r me.

Rosy—But she's ben so awful cranky.—Say Lute, le's let on we're mad, an' fool her.

Lute—Oh, I dunno Rosy. It seems mighty good t' see y,' an' know thar's nothin' in th' way. (Goes towards Rosy)

Josh—(Entering from right) Hello, youse! Better be keerful. Maw'll be comin.'

Rosy—Maw don't seem to keer no more Joshey. But we're goin' to fool her, an' you must help us. We're goin' to let on we're mad.

Lute—Yes, Rosy thinks it'll be a good thing to fool th' old lady a trip, an' I got to help her, I reckon.

Josh.(throwing up cap) That'll be jolly fun. You bet, I'll help! Look out I hear Maw comin' now. (Exit Joshey street door)

(Lute goes towards street door, and Rosy busies herself putting away groceries)

Mrs. Gay.—What! Goin,' Lute? Don't be in a hurry.

Lute—Yes, I must be goin.' I was jist tellin' Rosy what a fine time me an' Hattie Todd had las' night.

Mrs. Gay.—(in disgust) Oh—— Her! (Exit Lute street door) Rosy, is Lute struck on that Hattie Todd?

Rosy—It looks that way. You heard what he sed.

Mrs. Gay.—I don't f'r th' life o' me, see what he kin see in her. You're a lot better lookin' than her, an' I b'lieve, if you'd ha'f try, you could git him back ag'in. But you're so cold an' offish, it's all y'r own fault, if y' don't git ahead o' Hattie.

Rosy—Why Maw Gayrusan! My fault! I'd like t' know who druv him away, an' told me I couldn't hev nothin' to do with him?

Mrs. Gay.—Rosy, don't be so thick headed. He's one o' th' bosses now, an' that very different, from a deliv'ry man.

Rosy—That don't make no diff'rence in th' man. Lute's th' same feller he allers was.

Mrs. Gay.—Didn't I allers say Lute was a likely feller? But he couldn't giv' y' a place in th' world afore. But now he kin. But come on, let's git this muss cleaned up. (Mrs. Gay.— takes tub to shed, and comes back) Le's see, this is We'nsday, ain't it? You'll hev to finish Rosy. I clean forgot to order soap, an' I must go git it right away. (Pulls down sleeves, puts on apron and sunbonnet. Exit to right)

Cam.—(As Rosy is putting things to rights) Rosy I'm so tired!

Rosy—You dear little baby, I spect you air tired.

Cam.—Won't you take me? I want to rock my Polly doll to sleep.

Rosy—Course Rosy'll take y.' Jist wait a minute. (Rosy soon has room in order and takes chair in which Camely is, pulls it to center front, lifts child, and sitting in chair, sings some lullaby. As she is finishing song, Lute comes in quietly, and listens till song is finished, then slips up behind Rosy and puts hands over her eyes)

Lute—Guess who it is.

Rosy—Sh! She's asleep.

Lute—Say Rosy, what d'y' think? Your Maw was to th' store a few minits ago, an' ast me to come over. It's our afternoon off, y' know. I didn't say whether I would or wouldn't, but it purty nigh knocked me over.

Rosy—Well, if she ain't a great one.

Lute—An' Rosy, I've thought of a dandy scheme. We'll fool her good an' plenty.

Rosy—What y' plannin' to do?

Lute—Why I'll have Dave Walters come an' ast you to go over t' the Island this afternoon, an' you must be awful nice to him, an' tell him you'll go. Me an' Hattie'll meet y' at th' corner, an' then we'll pair off right, an' we kin hev a jolly good time.

Rosy—That'll be great!

Lute—But I must clear out, 'r y'r Maw'll be comin' an' ketch me. Good bye. See y' later. (Exit Lute street door)

Mrs. Gay.—(Enters from right. Camely wakens and Rosy puts her back in chair.)

Mrs. Gay.—(aside) Guess I got it all fixed now.

Rosy—What d'you say Maw?

Mrs. Gay.—Oh, I was jist talkin' to myself. I don't b'lieve we'll tackle no more today Rosy. You kin go slick up. Some body might come.

Rosy—All right, Maw. (Exit Rosy to left, but as she must be back on stage by time Mrs. Collins leaves, she can only smooth hair, add tie, etc.)

(Knock is heard. Mrs. Gay.— goes to street door, and admits Mrs. Collins.)

Mrs. Gay.—Why how air y' Mis' Collins? We hain't saw *you* in a good while.

Mrs. Col.—I thought as 'ow I'd be comin' to welcome you back to th' hold neighbor'ood. It's me that be glad to 'ave you back again.

Mrs. Gay.—It's kind o' you to say so Mis' Collins. Yes, we've lost our money, an' so hed to come back. But set down, set down Mis' Collins. (Mrs. Collins takes chair Miss Gertrude occupied.)

Mrs. Col.—I 'eard as 'ow you 'ad lost your fartune. But money don't be ev'ry thing Mis' Gayrusan. You still 'ave y'r 'usband an' y'r childer. An' little Camely—'ow be 'er gettin' along?

Mrs. Gay.—Oh middlin, Mis' Collins, jist middlin.' Her ankle is mendin' all right, but it's proper hard to keep her quiet. Mr. Ralph's doin' all he kin—bringin' candy, an' fruit an' things. I tell y' Mis' Collins, it's a blessin' she wasn't killed.

Mrs. Col.—It do be a blessin' sure. (Going to Camely) 'Ere's a happle 'oney. (Hands an apple to child)

Mrs. Gay.—Now that's dretful nice. What d'y' say to Mis' Collins, Camely?

Cam.—Thanky mum. (Camely begins eating apple)

Mrs. Col.—I thought as 'ow 'er'd like hit.

Mrs. Gay.—How air all youse, Mis' Collins?

Mrs. Col.—John, 'im be better now, but 'im 'ave ben hawful bad with his hasmy.

Mrs. Gay.—An' how's George gittin' along?

Mrs. Col.—Jarge, 'im be married now.

Mrs. Gay.—Married! Y' don't say! Did he marry Berthy Phillips, that he was beauin' round, when we moved to th' Avynoo?

Mrs. Col.—Yes, them be livin' on 'Arper street, but Jarge thinks as 'ow 'im 'as to come hoften to see me an' Dad. 'Im be a hawful dutiful child. But I must be goin.' Come hover soon an' see me, Mis' Gayrusan.

Mrs. Gay.—I will. You come ag'in, Mis' Collins. (Exit Mrs. Collins street door, as Rosy enters from left.)

Mrs. Gay.—(As knock is heard) I 'low that must be Lute.

Rosy—(In great astonishment) W-h-a-t?

Mrs. Gay.—(confused) I— I— Why I got to talkin,' an' forget to fetch th' soap, an' thought mebby Lute'd be fetchin' it. (Mrs. Gayrusan opens door, and sees Dave Walters.)

Dave—Howdy do, Mis' Gayrusan? Is Rosy to home?

Mrs. Gay.—Why— y-e-s- but she was—she—

Rosy—(interrupting) Yes, Dave, I'm here. Come in.

Dave—(Pushing by Mrs. Gayrusan, who does not seem inclined to admit him) Rosy, I come to ast y' if y' wouldn't like to go 't the Island this afternoon?

Mrs. Gay.—Don't see how y' kin go this afternoon. We jist must git Miss Snow's washin' done.

Rosy—Why Maw, y' told me we needn't do her washin' today. (Turning to Dave) Yes, I'd like to go to th' Island, an'll be *glad* to go with y' Dave.

Dave—Git on y'r things then. We want to ketch th' next car. (Rosy puts on hat, paying no attention to her mother's angry looks) (Exit Dave and Rosy street door)

Mrs. Gay.—(Dropping in a chair) Well, if ev'ry thing hain't goin' slonchways. Money's all gone, Camely laid up with a broke ankle, an' I've gone an' ast Lute to come over, to see if him an' Rosy couldn't make up, an' he'll be comin' purty soon, an' thar's Rosy gone off with that Dave Walters, an' he ain't got sense 'nuff, to pound sand in a rat hole. (With tremendous sigh) I can't see what makes Rosy so contrary—but she's jist like her Paw. Oh dear! If Almy don't git a school——— (Knock is heard)

Mrs. Gay.—(aside) I'll bet that's him, an' what under th' sun'll I tell him? Come in. (Enter Miss Gertrude) Oh, is it you, Miss Gertrude?

Miss Ger.—Yes, I brought Camelia some fruit. (Goes to Camely) How's my little girl today? (Puts package of fruit in child's lap.)

Cam.—Purty good, Miss Gertrude, but Polly doll is awful sick.

Miss Ger.—She is! What is the matter with Polly?

Cam.—She's broked bof her ankles.

Miss Ger.—Why that's too bad! (listening) I think I hear some one coming. Can it be James already? (Goes to window. If window cannot be had, she may go to door) Oh, what will I do? Here comes Ral—Mr. Somers. I don't want to meet him. Is there any place you can put me, where I'll not be seen, Mrs. Gayrusan?

Mrs. Gay.—(Excitedly) Why, yes, come this way, Miss Gertrude. (Takes her to left. As Miss Gertrude reaches exit she turns to Camely, shakes her finger at her)

Miss Ger.—Now Camelia don't you tell. (Insistent knocking is heard at street door. Mrs. Gayrusan admits Ralph Somers, who catches sight of Miss Gertrude, as she disappears)

Mrs. Gay.—Come right in Mr. Ralph.

Cam.—Howdy do, Mr. Ralph. Can't y' stay awhile this time?

Ralph S.—Yes, my dear, I've planned to have a nice, long afternoon with you.

Cam.—(Clapping hands) Goody, goody! I know some thing, Mr. Ralph—But I won't tell.

Ralph S.—You know something, you won't tell your chum?

Cam.—I can't—honest I can't. Miss Ger———

Mrs. Gay.—(interrupting) Camely!

Ralph S.—All right, little one. Keep your secret. Now what are we going to do today?

Cam.—Won't y' tell me a story?

Ralph S.—A story! What shall it be?

Cam.—Tell me a new one this time—one y' never telled before.

Ralph S.—A new one. Let—me— see. (With a smile, and nod of head) All right. Here goes (drawing chair by Camely, with back to left, partly facing audience) Once on a time, there was a lady———

Cam.—(interrupting) A purty lady Mr. Ralph?

Ralph S.—Yes, indeed— A beautiful lady. And there was a man who———

Cam—(Interrupting again) A nice man, like you, Mr. Ralph?

Ralph S.—(Chuckling) Well he was as nice as I am, sure. But you must not interrupt me, so much, or I can't tell the story. This man was a friend of the beautiful lady, and he liked her very much, and she seemed to like him.

Cam.—Did she only played she liked him? Didn't she reelly, an' truly liked him?

Ralph S.—He thought she did. But she didn't seem to have entire confidence in him.

Cam.—Condifence, what's that?

Ralph S.—Why it means—why she didn't trust him.

Cam.—O-o-h!

Ralph S.—Now this man, had a friend—another man. And this friend was in trouble———

Cam.—Poor man! Did he broked his ankle?

Ralph S.—No, not that. But you must let me finish my story. This friend liked another lady———

Cam.—Another purty lady?

Ralph S.—Y-e-s, but not nearly as pretty as the first lady. This friend came a long, long way on the cars, to see this lady, but his suit case didn't come, so the man loaned a suit to his friend. Now these two men, looked very much alike———

Cam.—Most like they was twins?

Ralph S.—Yes, and the beautiful lady, saw the friend with the pretty lady, and was sure it was————

Miss Ger.—(rushing out goes to Ralph's right) Ralph Somers, is that true? Do you really mean that was Harley Stevens, with Pauline Combs, that night?

Ralph S.—(rising) I certainly do, Gertrude.

Miss Ger.—Why didn't you tell me?

Ralph S.—That's a great question. You know I've tried and tried, but you would not listen. But I knew you'd just *have* to listen this time.

Miss Ger.—Did you know all the time, that I was here, Ralph?

Ralph S.—I plead guilty.

Miss Ger.—(looking up archly) Are you willing to let bygones be bygones, Ralph?

Ralph S.—(As Miss Gertrude holds out hands to him, he clasps them, turning more towards audience) Will I?

(When Ralph begins story to Camely, Mrs. Gayrusan sits at left back; paring potatoes, but when Miss Gertrude rushes out, she rises, goes to right front, where she stands, arms akimbo, looking from one to the other, in open mouthed astonishment.)

(As Ralph says "Will I" door opens and Lute and Rosy enter, holding hands, and looking rather foolish.)

Lute—Giv' us y'r blessin' Maw Gayrusan, Me an' Rosy's married.

Mrs. Gay.—Married! Did y' say y'r married?

Lute—That's what I said. We was married this afternoon,, over on th' Island. Wasn't we Rosy?

Rosy—We sure was, Maw.

Mrs. Gay.—You've got more sense, than I 'lowed y' hed. (With sigh of relief.) Well, th' clouds is breakin.' It's like to be a bright dryin' day, arter all.

CURTAIN

PRESS OF MOORE & SON QUALITY FIRST NEWMING, ILL.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 910 028 5

List of Other

(ALL COPYRIGHTED)

By Same Authors

S. S. G. ENTERTAINMENT CO.

UNION DEPOT FOR A DAY

A comedy of one scene and one act employing about fifty people

SNAPSHOTS

A comedy of one scene and two acts employing about fifty people

SIX SHARPS, ONE FLAT

A comedy of one scene and four acts employing nine women and six men

THE NEWRICH RECEPTION

A comedy of one scene and two acts employing about thirty-seven people